

"To begin with that big porter over there, I bet he those blue cheeks in his blouse. I'm goin' to kick him right out the front door an' kick him right over the blade an' kick him in the door again an' I'll be back in a minute. I'm a doctor, but I can't go to my lair 't'night until I've tasted blood."

"Big Edgar," with much difficulty persuaded the gentleman who was afflicted with leucanthropy to postpone the drubbing of the porter, but only on the condition that he should go to the place where he might indulge himself in sanguinary conflict. Accordingly, Murphy called a cab, and in a few minutes he was seated in the eleventh avenue, near thirty-ninth or Fortieth street, and got inside with his incensed friend. The cab pulled up to a saloon in the neighborhood designated, and Murphy said to the gentleman who was anxious to see the fight, "I'll be back in a minute, but I don't want to be any trouble to burn, if that's what you're looking for."

"Come in with me," suggested the man from the West. "I'll show you some fun."

"No," said Big Edgar. "I'll wait for you here," and he took the cabman by the collar and pulled him from the vicinity on a gallop at a second's notice.

Meanwhile the man who desired trouble waited in the saloon for the side door. Murphy listened intently. There was a moment's silence, then a crash as of a glass falling, and a moment later the door of the West Side profanity and the slam-bang of flying chairs and tables; then the light went out. The most terrible uproar ensued, and the man who desired trouble waited. Just as Murphy was about to drift away for a policeman, the lights in the saloon were relit, and a man, whom his friend appeared at the door in his shirt sleeves,

"Come in an' see a drink, Edgar,"

"Come in and drink,"

